

1507/733
Homer Travestie:

Being a New

TRANSLATION

OF THAT

Great Poet.

WITH A

Critical PREFACE

AND

LEARNED NOTES.

SHEWING

How this Translation excells *Chapman,*
Hobbes, Ogilby, Dryden, Pope, and all
other Pretenders.

*Quærite, nunc, habeat quam Nostra Superbia
cansam? Ovid.*

LONDON: Printed for *W. Boreham* at the
Angel in Pater-noster Row, 1720. Price 1s. 6d.



NOTION

George Post

WITH A

GRAND RECORD

AND

REMARKS


BY

THE TRUSTEES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE
AT ITS MEETING ON THE 15TH DAY OF OCTOBER 1862

PRINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

ADDED TO THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES
Held at Ann Arbor, Michigan, on the 15th day of October 1862

THE PREFACE.

F all the Poets, the most ancient are allow'd to be the best: This is evident in the Greek Tongue, more especially in the Case of Homer; and perhaps had we any whole Piece of Ennius and others, it might be prov'd so in the Latin. In our own Country, they who understand Saxon, prefer old Chaucer to all his Successors in Poetry.

As I ever look'd upon Homer as the Father of all Poesy, so I cou'd not help pulling off his Greek Boots, and equipping him like a modern Man of War. I have not translated him, to draw upon me the Envy of those who admire Chapman, Hobbes, Ogilby, and Dryden, much less to come in Competition with the new Version of Mr. Pope; but under favour of the Reader, and that learned Translator, I fancy that I have a surer Way to my Author's Meaning, and made him speak as he would if he had wrote in the English Language. To prove this, let us consider Homer's Character and Manner of Life.

Homer, (notwithstanding Mr. Barnes thought he was a King's Son, and no less a Person than Solomon) was, by the Consent of Antiquity, by Birth a Bastard, and by Education a Beggar: He sung his Songs, Rhapsodically, from Door to Door, for a Morsel of Bread. Now if such Songs as these, sung by such a Person, can be call'd Heroic, I leave

P R E F A C E.

to the Critics: They were like our modern Smithfield Ballads, of great Use, and of high Delight to a Squire, Cookmaid, or Footman. How ridiculous then is it to translate Homer in pompous English Verse? The true Dress of him is like his own old patch'd Cloaths, modern Doggrel. For 10421 Reasons therefore, I chose to translate him into that Measure; and that the Reader may know how well it agrees with him, behold here a Specimen of Mr. Pope's Translation, which I may say, without Vanity, falls infinitely short of mine:

Here follows the Version of Mr. A. Pope.

The Wrath of *Peleus*' Son, the direful Spring
Of all the *Grecian* Woes, O Goddess, sing!
That Wrath which hurl'd to *Pluto*'s gloomy Reign
The Souls of mighty Chiefs untimely slain;
Whose Limbs unbury'd on the naked Shore
Devouring Dogs and hungry Vultures tore.
Since great *Achilles* and *Atrides* strove,
Such was the Sov'reign Doom, and such the
Will of *Jove*.

To them I succeed in Doggrel Immortal:

I sing the Rancour of a Knight,
And how the *Greeks* got Nothing by't;
What sturdy Souls, as strong as Steel,
He sent before him to the De'el:
The Bodies left for Dogs, or Vermin,
Or Crows, as *Jove* should best determin.
Now this *Achilles*, being a Ranter,
Would often *Agamemnon* banter: &c.



Ho-



HOMER'S Iliads

IN

Immortal Doggrel,

BOOK I.

The Argument.

Chryses abus'd, Apollo's Parson,
Whom King Atreides turns his Arse on:
The brawl's between him, and Achilles,
Who lost thereby his charming Phyllis:
The Gods strike in, and make a Party,
And where they stick prove firm and hearty:
Juno and Jupiter fall out,
And make a most confounded rout;
Vulcan steps in, and makes 'em Friends,
Tell's 'em a Tale. — And so it ends.



Sing the rancour of a Knight,
And how the *Greeks* got nothing by't,
What sturdy Souls, as strong as Steel,
He sent before him to the De'el:

Their Bodies left for Dogs, or Vermin,
Or Crows; as *Jove* should best determin.
Now this *Achilles*, being a ranter,
Would often *Agamemnon* banter:
The reason was, the Flesh and Bone
Of *Jupiter*, and eke *Latone*,
Apollo, hated King *Atreides*,
For which he plagu'd his *εὐνήμυδης*,
For the bold King had spit his fury at
The good Old Man *Chryses*, his Curate,
Who coming to redeem the Body
Of his Fair Daughter in custody,
Brought tythe Gifts, as a strong Inviter,
Besides lugg'd out *Apollo's* Mitre,
And in most civil courteous fashion,
Tickled their Ears with this Oration:
O! all ye Knights Valiant and Manful,
That love to tippie off a Can full;
God prosper long your Works of wonder,
And give you *Troy* to sack and plunder,
And when they mean to seal your doom,
Take you to Heav'n, — but not too soon.
Only send back my Daughter by me.
Look here, see these, can you deny me?

Many



Many approv'd his Wish, as decent,
But much more they approv'd his present.

Atrides fell upon his Bones,
And rudely gave him this response :
Old Fool, troop off ; if for the future
I understand you are a Scout here,
You'll dearly rue it ; not your Tythes
Have power to fascinate my Eyes.
I will not let thee have thy Daughter,
Till She's so Old, none will have at her.
I'll send her strait to *Pelponesus*,
To Card, and Spin, as best shall please us.
Therefore begon ; pray move off quicker,
And don't provoke me, thou vile Vicar.

The Rev'rend Parson having this heard
Sneakt off, but grumbl'd in his gizzard:
And mumbl'd out some hearty Curfes,
Unto *Apollo*, who loves Verses :
O ! thou, that dost delight in Stanza,
If I have e'er tickled thy fancy,
In off'ring up fat Pigs, and Turkeys,
Or in what ever else my Work is,
Help me but now to plague these Men,
And I will never pray agen.
This said, *Apollo* with a jump,
Nimble from Heaven came down plump ;

With

With an huge whisking Quiver shoulder'd,
 For want of using, almost moulder'd.
 And Arrows keen most fit for Battle,
 Which as he shakes, his haunches rattle.
 All wrapt in Shades, (for he'd be private)
 And furiously their Ships let drive at
 And many a Mule, and many an Ass
 He brought to a most dismal pass;
 And now and then by curst transition
 He'd pink the Soul of a poor *Grecian*.
 For Nine whole Days (by calculation)
 He was pickeering in this fashion.
 But on the Tenth resty *Peleides*
 Thus spoke to's Fellows and *Atreides*:
 If now we can escape a basting,
 I know not why we should'nt be hasting;
 And not stay here another whole day,
 To be consum'd by Pox, and foul play.
 But yet I'm willing, e'er we go,
 To know who 'tis, that plagues us so.
 If there's a Place at hand, that's haunted,
 I beg the Dev'l may be acquainted
 By's Representative Magician.
 And see here! 'Tis as one could wish one.
 At that Sage *Chalcas*, prone to cozen,
 And to reveal all Secrets chosen,
 Rose up, and stroaking down his Phyz,
 Spoke to our bouncing Hero, viz.

Nimble.

Nimble *Achilles*, 'tis *Apollo*,
 That with his Vengeance does us follow.
 Were I but sure you would stand by me,
 Discov'ry I could make most timely.
 But there's a certain King in fault,
 Whose Wrath I fear ; therefore I halt.
 Then spoke *Achilles* : Man, ne'er fear :
 Dare any touch thee, when I'm here ?
 Shew me a Chieftain wearing Buckles,
 That dares encounter with my Knuckles.
 Nay, tho' *Atrides* self were guilty,
 I'll keep my word, and scorn to bilk ye.
 Then taking courage and eke breath,
 Says he, *Apollo* scatters Death,
 Because *Atrides* with rude jest
Chryses abus'd, my Brother Priest ;
 And would not be prevail'd to ransom
 His only Daughter, 'cause She's Handsom :
 But (what was worse) abus'd his Person,
 As if he were a very Whoreson.
 These words *Atreides* could not bear,
 And thus he levell'd at the Seer :
 Thou Preacher, always curses croaking,
 I ever found thee most provoking.
 Ev'n here it but too plain appears,
Phœbus and me you set by th' Ears,
 As if he plagued us with this slaughter,
 Because I love the Parson's Daughter.

And

And so I do ; nay more than life,
 By Ten degrees, more than my Wife.
 Yet I will part with her, to shew
 I can for Peace my joy forego.
 But since ye will be all so cruel
 To let me loose my darling Jewel,
 Prepare me strait some worthy Prizes
 To recompence the loss of *Chryseis*.
 For 'tis not fit, that I alone
 Of all my Vassal *Greeks* have none.

To whom *Achilles* thus reply'd,
 Thou stingy, impudent *Atreid*,
 Why talkest thou to us of Prizes?
 What thou canst mean here none devises.
 What booty have we taken? 'Sheart, Sir,
 We've yet took none, but you've had part, Sir.
 If *Chryseis* is recall'd by fate,
 Rail not at us, but rail at that.
 But if kind *Juno* give us *Troy*,
 We'll give her thanks, and give you joy.
 To whom *Atreides* thus reply'd,
 I am not one to be deny'd.
 Think not by vile insipid banter
 To take the privilege to rant here.
 Altho' to strength you make pretences,
 You shan't fright me out of my senses.

With

With some brisk Lais allay my Spirit,
 Or (I protest) I shall not bear it;
 Which if you stiffly dare deny,
 You shall with treatment worse comply.
 I will appropriate your Misses,
 Or yours, or Drab of arch *Ulysses*.
 But which — I'm come to no conclusion:
 I soon shall take a Resolution:
 And now let's turn our Thoughts and Eyes
 T' accelerate the Sacrifice:
 Things needful for the Fair provide,
 And in due pomp th' Oblation guide.
 To whom *Achilles*; worthless Knight,
 And is it thus you me requite?
 When for thy sake I War espouse;
 The *Trojans* have not stole my Cows.
 My *Myrmidons* are here, because
 I'd help Revenge thy *Menelaus*.
 And whence this Impudence arises
 To rob me of my Darling *Briseis*?
 Who to my proper Lot did fall;
 The *Greeks* confirm'd it one and all.
 When any handsome Booty's taken,
 Tho' I ne'er flinch to save my Bacon;
 I must resign to you my Booty.
 But I'll no longer drudge on Duty.
 For know that I'll remove my *Myrmi-*
Dons, and a Fig for all your Army.

You

You may be gone, the King reply'd,
 I still have Numbers on my side.
 Nor shall I want my just respect,
 Altho' you treat me with neglect.
 I'm valu'd most by *Jupiter* ;
 And since you with your absence jeer,
 Troop off with all your stubborn Crew ;
 I readily will 'bid y'adieu.
 Think you I value ought you mutter ?
 To shew my slight of what you utter,
 I'll tell you what, my Friend *Achilles*,
 To your fair Miss my Heart and Will is.
 I must, dear Heart, enjoy your Doxy,
 And (if you mutter at it) box ye.
 This b'ing too much for Man to bear
 Made gruff *Achilles* stamp and stare.
 What should he do in this Quandary ?
 So wond'rously his Passions vary.
 But out he drew his Ponyard quickly,
 Thought he, Odsbodlikins I'll tickle ye.
 And he had don't, had not the Goddess
Minerva clapt him on his Boddice.
 Our Knight astonish'd at her Posture,
 Fell straitway to his *Pater Noster*.
 Making fine Bows (to shew his breeding,)
 Madam, quoth he, — and then proceeding,
 Is it to view th'Affronts I bear,
 That unexpected you are here ?

But

But sure I am, I shall not long
 Forbear to vindicate my wrong.
 Quoth she, I'm come to reconcile,
 And to prevent a bloody broil.
Juno can't bear to see your Rapiers ;
 The fight on't puts her in the Vapours.
 You've leave to battel it in words,
 But by no means make use of Swords.
 He'll thank you, Ma'm, for the concession,
 Answer'd *Achilles* in a Passion ;
 Did I not honour you profoundly,
 I vow I'd thrash this Mock-King soundly.
 But since 'tis yours, and Heav'ns desire,
 Vanish *Toledo*, and retire.
 His Sword being sheath'd, but not his spite,
Minerva vanisht out of Sight.
 Then he began to tieze the King,
 Thou Sot, thou Monkey, worthless Thing,
 To whom a Battle is a purge :
 Prithee, pretend not me to urge.
 Why, Man, thou canst not bear the fight
 Of Blood and Wounds, much less dare fight.
 And thou pretend to alienating
 A Soldier's right ! pray hold thy prating.
 See ! by this Truncheon I do swear,
 (Which tho' no Branches now it bear,
 They being lopt off for the nonce
 To make it fit to batter Bones.

But

By

By this I swear, you'll much repent
My absence, when you see th'Event.
Hector will oft his rage repeat,
Hearing the News of my retreat.
With fury then you'll fret, and foam,
For having sent me packing Home.
Which said, he flung his Truncheon down;
Atreides strait began to frown.
But up stood *Nestor* on a sudden,
Who for an hoarse voice had a good one,
Who by the dint of nice Harangue
Could make one drown ones self, or hang.
How old d'ye think he was? Why truly
He was Three Hundred Years old full nigh.
When he began this fine Oration
So full and pregnant with perswasion :
Good Gods! who would be such a Fool,
To be the *Trojans* ridicule?
How will they laugh at us, and tither,
To see our Chiefs knock Heads together?
Come, tho' I'm Old, take my Advice,
And shew, 'tis in you to be Wise.
You'r both my Juniors, pray submit,
Juniors in Age, and eke in Wit.
Know, that I've had to do with Men,
The One of which of you'd make Ten :
Gigantick Blades, whose very Name
Would burst the scanty cheeks of Fame.

There.

Therefore comply, let discord cease,
Use War abroad, at home use Peace.
I give you thanks, most Noble *Donzel*,
Reply'd the King, for your good Counsel.
But this *Achilles* is so Stout,
He is for beating us about.
He thinks, that we must all comply
With hum'rous incivility.
If *Jove* took pains to make him bold,
He took much more to teach him Scold.
But then *Achilles* took him short,
And gave in answer this Retort:
May I become a Shrimp, a Villain,
And damn'd deceit and Treach'ry deal in,
If I your Orders e'er obey.
No more o'er me extend your Sway;
My self I shall not so demean,
To Fisticuff it for the Quean:
But yet be cautious in that point,
Or some body, I vow, I'll 'noint.
Soon as the dumpish King commanded,
The doughty Council frait disbanded.
The fierce *Pelides*, so puissant,
Went with *Patroclus* unto his Tent,
And *Agamemnon* had regard
To get an Hecatomb prepar'd.
The Bulls and Goats in solemn Wise
Made up th' unwilling Sacrifice.

Roast

Roast Beef and Vinegar he caters,
At which the hungry God's Mouth waters.
But *Agamemnon's* Heart was such,
He must revive the former Grutch :
He call'd to Bailiffs near at Hand,
And this he gave 'em in Command :
My Blood against *Achilles* rises ;
Go to his Tent, and fetch me *Briseis*,
Whom if he does not quick surrender,
I'll force from him the Female Gender.
They heard, and having said, God save ye,
They bent their course unto the Navy :
Where dire *Achilles* in his rancour
Had separately cast his Anchor :
Whom when they saw, their Hearts went pit pat,
And what to say they could not hit at.
Achilles from the Mizzen Mast
Perceiving them most sorely dash'd,
Baul'd out, I know you, therefore come on,
And stout *Achilles* bravely Summon.
Ne'er hang your Arses for the Matter,
But thrust 'em forward ; 'tis much better.
If *Agamemnon* send you trotting,
I can forgive his Bums, but not him.
So said, he did his Whiskers twirl,
And cry'd, *Patroclus*, fetch the Girl.
'Tis bootless to use Controversy,
Therefore resign her to their Mercy.

But

But by my Arms, and Heart of Oak,
I shall find time to make 'em smoak.
And thereupon his Friend *Patcelo*,
To please his Master, as most folk do,
Lugg'd out the Wench. The Bums grown bolder
Clap'd her most tightly on the Shoulder.
Away they lugg'd and tugg'd her sobbing;
Who never minded all her throbbing.
But this sad accident produces
The opening of *Achilles* Sluces;
Who cry'd and roar'd like any Noddy;
Consol'd he would be by no Body.
Still for that Oyster-whore his Mother
He bawl'd, and made an heavy pother:

O! Mother, in a fatal Minute
I sure was born, the Devil's in it.
Behold the sad, th' unlucky Crisis,
That robs me of my charming *Briseis*.
With that she leaps out of the Bilbo's,
And comes and tickles him at th' Elbows.
My Son, says she, whence all these Cries?
What grieves you? Why these blubber'd Eyes?
Ah! Quoth the Knight, in dismal ditty,
As if you did not know; that's pretty.
If you have Interest above,
And can prevail with Father *Jove*,
Use all your dear engaging Tricks,
Stroak down his Beard and such like freaks.

B

Beg

But

Beg him to aid the Cause of *Priam* ;
No more his Adversary I am.
The Greeks will speedily embark it,
And bring their Hogs to a fine Market.
His Mother lovingly reply'd,
Ah! Son, ill Fortune's on your side.
Altho' our Days are wondrous short,
Fate with our Misery makes Sport.
But since the Greeks do so regard ye,
Leave them in perillous Jeopardy,
Nor give 'em any more assistance,
But keep 'em off at a due distance.
As sure, as you're on me begot,
I'll speak to *Jove* of— you know what:
Who now indeed is gone a raking,
With Blackamoors a Merry-making.
Soon as the Revels are once over,
The trusty Secret I'll discover.
I'll come again, sooner or later;
And strait she vanish'd under Water.
Ulysses welcom'd *Chryses* Eyes
With a good fat burnt Sacrifice.
And glad he was to see his Daughter
In the Retinue coming after ;
Whom, when presented by *Ulysses*,
He almost smother'd with his Kisses.
But having once gin over Kissing,
Upon the Victuals he crav'd Blessing:

" O! thou *Apollo*! light Divine!
 " Upon us now benignly shine,
 " And since I've kifs'd my *Chryseis* Cheeks,
 " Avert the Plague that gauls the Greeks.
Apollo heard; and they sharp set,
 Fell heartily upon the Meat.
 And without Ceremony, or Sitting,
 When they begun, there was old eating.
 The Wine strait flew about like Mad,
 And made their dry Souls wondrous glad.
 Then you might hear the Madcaps hollow,
 A glorious catch upon *Apollo*.
 But when their Guts were almost crack'd,
 The Victuals gone, away they pack'd.
 But now let's turn our Eyes upon
Achilles, Gammer *Thetis* Son;
 Who (you must know) was in the dumps,
 And could fight Gyants to the Stumps.
 A Fortnight ended, in the Morning
 His Mother punctual to her warning,
 Went to *Olympus* on her Errand,
 And finding *Jove*, took him by's bare Hand,
 Gave him a hearty loving squeeze,
 Then thus began the God to tease:
 If e'er I've pleas'd in Word or Deed,
 May now my just Request succeed.
 Revenge the flight my Son endures
 By the vile Greeks, those Sons of Whores.

May they repent they've been so *aufish*.
Let Trojan's drub 'em all, like *Stockfish*.
The Thunder-thumping *Jove* still mute,
The Baggage thus held on her Suit :
Nay, promise that you will comply ;
I cannot bear you should deny ;
Tho' I'm unworthy of Preferment,
Grant this, and I'm your humble *Servant*.
Then thus reply'd the God of Thunder,
Indeed, my Child, I can't but wonder,
You'll bring me in a Noose, since you know,
I needs must get the hate of *Juno*.
And troth that is but grating *Musick*,
Which for *Diversiön* there are few seek.
But hush — if *Juno* over-hear us,
Better the Fiends of Hell were near us.
Slyly this Boon I'll grant (take notice)
'Tis Death t' act openly, you know 'tis.
Know by this awful Nod, I heed you,
This Nod that makes low Mortals giddy.
Which said, he gave the solemn Motion,
And *Thetis* vanish'd with the Notion.

Yet not so secret their caballing
Was carry'd on, but *Juno* rallying
Came up to *Jove*, interrogating
What he, and *Thetis*, were a prating.
I must (it seems) know nothing not I
Of what the silly Hoity-toity ;

Thetis

Thetis has now been disemboгуing,
 I wish to God there be no roguing.
 Why Wife, says *Jove*, cannot I speak,
 But you, Pox on you, must so squeak?
 Had you but Grace, you'd be supposing,
 You ought not thus to thrust your Nose in.
 What I resolve, shall secret be,
 For none can baffle *Jove's* Decree.
 Well, quoth the Thunderer's scolding Wife,
 I know the Secret on my Life:
 And well wist, what that Oyster Where
 Was Begging on her Eastard's score:
 That that eternal Huff-bluff Bully
 Might maul the trusty Greeks; and will ye?
 Quoth *Jove*, I know you plaguy jealous,
 And of your Humours none need tell us.
 But if you are so damn'd uncivil,
 By Nod, I'll kick you to the Devil.
 You may perhaps think it an hard Case;
 But all the Gods can't save your Carcase.

Thus ended the Divine Dispute,
 The only way to make her Mute.
 It rais'd a Hubbub great in Heaven,
 That things should go at Six and Seven:
 And *Vulcan* to clear up the Matter,
 Set up himself as Moderator:
 And thus bespoke the wrangling Goddess:
 Mother, I vow, it is an odd case,

Thetis

B 3

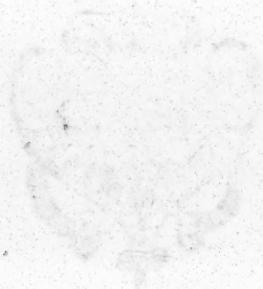
A

A thing so vile, it has no President,
 That you, who in high Heav'n are Resident,
 Should Scold, and squabble 'bout a Mortal,
 And put his Lordship out of Sorts all.
 Besides, this Point we're all agreed in ;
 What e'er you think, 'tis damn'd ill Breeding,
 To vex great *Jove*, and make him hector,
 And fright us so, we spill our Nectar.
 Kifs, and be Friends ; no more recoiling :
 This, Mother, to your reconciling.
 With that he took a potent Jug,
 And strait advanc'd it to his Plug.
 Mother, says he, be wise, and trust one ;
 Bring not upon us a Combustion.
Jove's damn'd unlucky in a Passion,
 As you'll perceive by my Relation :
 And sure I am, I pay dear for't here :
 You see my Legs not like a Courtier :
 Legs which were once as strait, and proper,
 As e'er were fastned to a Crupper.
 Being born with a damn'd hatchet Face,
 Unworthy of this lovely Place :
Jove on a time in a curst Banter
 Took me by th' Leg, and gave me a Canter
 O'er Heaven's high Walls: May I die quickly,
 If I want tumbling perpendickly
 For Three long Days ; (pray do not giggle)
 I sprain'd Two Legs — but not my middle.

Juno so giggl'd at the Jest,
That by loud Laughing out she pift.
And all the Gods with mickle Laughter
Kept tithering for Nine Hours after.
But as they tickled thus their Fancies,
The Night began to make advances;
The Night, that healer up of Strife,
The trueft Friend to Man and Wife.
And fo it prov'd, for *Jove* gave over
His Anger, to become a Lover :
Now merrily prepared to Thunder,
He went to Bed, his Wife knock'd under.



The



THE



The Second Book of *HOMER*.

The Argument.

*Atrides tells the Greeks his Vision,
Which flatter'd him with War's decision.
The Temper of his Men to try
He is for going back to Phthia:
Which pleas'd him well, but yet (God wot)
He would not let them budge a jot.
Thersytes, uglier than the Devil,
Proves in the Army too uncivil;
Ulysses brings him a notch lower,
And almost whips him at the Shore.
Before they enter upon War,
They call up Names, to know who's there.*



Hough Mortals were asleep, and snorting,
Jove could not slumber after sporting :
 Not that his Mind was set agog
 To play the whole Night at Leap-frog :

But, as he rowls about, his Pate is
 Ta'en up with what he promis'd *Thetis*
 About her Son ; who had been urging
 Severe Revenge for loss of Virgin.
Jove having pledg'd his Troth and Plight
 T' avenge th' ill usage of the Knight.
 Therefore he thought it a good fetch
 To send *Atrides* a damn'd Bitch,
 As e'er put Hand or Thumb to Distaff,
 Call'd Sleep ; whom knocking up with Bedstaff,
 Begon, said he, you * plaguy Whore,
 And nip it to the Græcian Shore.
 There *Agamemnon's* Hammock search,
 Who's now asleep, and fast as Church ;
 Creep under him, and in his Ear
 In Whisper's tell what now you hear :
 " Arise, thou Man of War, get up,
 " And in *Battalia* form thy Troop ;
 " For *Troy* you'll take, as sure as Gun ;
 " No sooner set upon, but won.
 " The Gods so voted in Debate,
 " And now draws near the Trojans Fate.

* ————— ἔλον Ὀνυχον.

No sooner spoke, but in a trice
 The Phantom thro' the Welkin flies,
 And coming quick old *Nestor's* Shape in
 T' *Atrides* Bed-side, found him napping.
 This grave appearance of old *Nestor*
 Pleas'd him much more than that of *Prestor*
John, and for why? The Reason's plain;
 Because he never knew the Man.
 Thus spoke the Shape, enough to damp one:
 Awake, thou great Heroick Champion,
 Much Sleep should never close the Eyes
 Of Warriors, who are Stout and Wise.
 The Cares of Monarchs ruling o'er
 Others, should never let 'em Snore.
 Hear me the Messenger of *Jove*,
 Sending this Message with his Love:
 " Arise, thou Man of War, get up,
 " And in *Battalia* form thy Troop;
 " For *Troy* you'll take, as sure as Gun,
 " No sooner set upon but won.
 " The Gods so voted in Debate,
 " And now draws near the Trojans Fate.
 But let not what I now discover †
 Go in at one Ear, out at t'other.

† ——— ἀλλὰ σὺ αἴσων ἔχε φρεσίν, μηδ' ἐπε λήθῃ.
 Αἰρεῖσθαι ———

So said, she went, and did not tarry,
 And left him in a sad Quandary,
 Thinking on what had *Nestor's* Shape on,
 And of fine things, never to happen.
 He did not doubt at all, not he,
 To take *Troy Town*, as sure as Day:
 Too shallow the Design to search,
 That *Jove* would leave him in the Lurch.
 Shaking his Ears, he shook old *Lawrence*
 From off his Back, and said, Get far hence.
 So rub'd his Eyes, 'till they were sore,
 And then came thundring on the Floor:
 And having curry'd all his itches,
 He quickly trusses up his Breeches,
 Whips on his Doublet, and a * new Coat,
 (For ought I know it was a blue Coat);
 Which then, as soon as he had done,
 They say, that he put on his Shoon.
 His buff Belt o'er his Shoulders pendant
 He hung, with a stout Sword at th' end on't.
 Then took his Grandfather's old Cane,
 And trudg'd it to the Ships amain.
Aurora, now with rosy Cheeks
 Brought Day to *Jove* and to the Greeks.

* — ἐν δὲ χιτῶνι
 καλῶν, ἰνὰ τεύχεα.

When he the Cryer gave a Shilling
To call the † bushy Chieftains all in :
Who had no sooner heard the Song,
But they came crowding in ding-dong.
And when he found there none was missing,
He gravely spoke to 'em a this'n:
My fighting Friends, I must avert it,
I had a Vision last Night ver late ;
Which came in *Nestor's* Shape and Size,
And through the Nose spoke on this wise :
And canst thou Sleep, thou Son of * *Jocky* ?
Is't possible thy Cares should rock thee
So fast asleep ? Come, come, 'tis trifling
For you to Sleep of all Men living,
I am the Messenger of *Jove*,
Who sends by me, this, and his Love :
“ He orders that you strait get up,
“ And in *Battalia* form your Troop ;
“ For *Troy* you'll take, as sure as Gun,
“ No sooner set upon, but won.
“ The Gods so voted in Debate,
“ And now draws near the Trojans Fate.
So said, the Phantom made its exit,
And left me very sore perplexed.

† — καρπομέωντας Ἀχαιῆς.

* — ἡ δὲ δαίμων ἐν πτοδ' αἰοιο ;

Now let us think of Sword and Gauntlet.
But stay — I'll tell you how I'll handl' it ;
It will do rarely by this Light ;
We'll give it out we are for Flight :
Then this Advantage will accrue t' us,
To know who are, and are not true t' us.
But carry not the Jest too far,
Left we thereby our Projects mar.
I'd have you further their abiding,
For, if they flinch back, wo betide 'em.
Atrides having spoke a while thus,
Up stood old *Nestor*, King of *Pylus* ;
Who always counted was a Wise-man,
Or else the Country much belies him :
My Friends, says he, had any Rascal,
Besides the King, took us to task all,
And told us this same paultry Riddle,
That came exactly in the middle
Of Night — What Front of Brass, or Copper,
Could boldly trump up such a Whopper ?
But since the King with Wits about him
Does say 'tis true, let's fight it out then.
They all got up, he ending thus,
For all the World, like Bees, hum buz,
When some body affronts their Captain,
And on the Buttocks bare has rap'd him ;
So they rise, sounding in a Cluster,
And make a lamentable dust here.

The Beldam Earth groan'd with the load
 Of all their Weight, so thick they trod.
 It hap'n'd here, as in such Cafes,
 They quarrell'd about chusing Places.
 Then Cryers Nine, with Voice like *Stentor*,
 Baul'd out and ask'd 'em what they meant, or
 If they'd not hold their Tongues, by th' States
 They swore, that they wou'd break their Pates.
 All ceasing then to shove and hunche,
Atrides strait rose up with's Trunche—
 — On, which was made by dexterous Black—
 — Smith. If its Pedigree you ask,
 'Tis this. *Vulcan*, the Smith to *Saturn*,
 To great *Jove* gave it to serve a turn:
Jove *Hermes* gave it, that Conniver,
 Who *Pelops* left it the Horse-driver;
 Now *Pelops* sold it for a *Castor*
 To *Atrius* the Tun-belly'd Pastor,
 Who dying left it to *Thyestes*,
 The Goat-herd; he (in troth no jest 'tis),
 It to *Atrides* did deliver
 For him, and eke his Heirs for ever.
 This is the Truncheon's Pedigree;
 Now, what *Atrides* spake, let's see:
 My trusty Friends, and Sons of *Mars*,
Jove now begins to hang an Arse:
 Who tho' he promis'd once his Thunder,
 To knock down *Troy*, he now knocks under:

The

Some

Some Maggot working in his Brain,
He orders us to Sea again.

And yet there's none, that dares dispute wi'm,
His potent Thunder will confute him.

But since we've lost so many tall Lads,
And now to flinch, in wicked Ballads
Our Sons will curse us in all Weathers,
And Rhyme us to the Dev'l with *Withers*,
Since we have been at so much Expençe
To gain a Town, and not get Six-pence.

Alas! Nine Years we've been Entrenching,
By *Jove*, much better w'ed been Wenching.

Our tackle now begins to moulder,

And every Day it still grows older:

So are our Wives, who now grow stale,

And for a Tester turn up tail:

We must expect they have been jerk'd,

They can't live long unless they're fir'd.

Therefore, says King *Atrides* cogging,

Let's now hoist up Sail, and be jogging.

This said, it caus'd a strong Commotion

I'th' Mob, who swallow'd down the Potion.

This News their Joy and Courage rouses,

To think they now should see their Blouzes.

With Noise they rumbled Merriment,

And jovially away they went.

Just so th' *Icarian* Billows roar,

By adverse Tempests tumbled o'er.

So *Zephyrs* rustle on the ridge,
 And middle of a *Quick-set Hedge*.
 Each Captain now repairs to's *Lighter*,
 To mend old *Cracks*, and make it tighter,
 Stopping up *Holes* upwards and downwards,
 To make it fit to bear him homewards.
 As they went on in sober sadness,
Juno ev'n bit her Lips for Madness:
 And thus she to her Daughter *Pallas*.
 Spoke, as I now shall tell ye: Alas!
 What pity 'tis, the noble *Græcians*,
 Both Common Soldiers and Patricians,
 Loose now their Glory, and their Charges,
 By sneaking homewards in their Barges!
 Leaving behind 'em Captive *Helen*.
 Make halt, or else they'll be a Mile on
 Their way to Greece; run with quick pace,
 And put a stop to all their haste.
 Inspire, infuse into 'em Courage,
 To exercise 'gainst Trojans more Rage.
 This said, as soon as she was able,
 She came among the Mast and Cable.
 Finding *Ulysses*, who was moping
 On top of Deck, she thus bespoke him:
 Thou gen'rous Son of good *Laertes*,
 And is it possible thy Heart is
 So ne'er thy Heels, thou must discover
 Thy Cowardise by giving over?

And

And leave the Glory of being Victor
Unto the Trojans and to *Hector* ?
For Shame, my Lad, now you are well in,
How can you tamely yield up *Helen* ?
Helen the Beauty, on whose score
Thousands of Greeks have dy'd in Gore ?
Call up your Courage, and your Pikemen,
And order 'em to stand to't like Men.
In smooth, yet strong Poetick Rapture,
Urge 'em to fight to the last Chapter.
So said, he knew her vocal Treble,
And ran as fast as he was able,
Throwing his Cloak off in such Fury,
As shew'd his quickness, I'll assure ye :
His Cloak ta'en up by *Eurybates*,
Who follow'd him, scarce at the rate, as
His Master ran, who with long stri-des
Hap'ned to meet with King *Atrides* ;
Of whom his Truncheon strait he borrow'd,
And having gone with him 'bout two Rood,
He all the Captains in his Ramble
Saluted thus with this Preamble :
My Heart of Oak, be not untoward,
Nor manifest your self a Coward ;
For you will much repent on't one Day,
When you will know *Atrides* funn'd ye.
Why, mun, I'm let into the Plot ;
It is to try what Heart you've got.

And

And to trudge home again whose Vote is,
Wo be to him, who in his Coat is!
He had almost as well be under
The crash of *Jupiter's* dire Thunder.
But when he heard any o'th' Rabble
About returning homewards squabble,
Then would he wrap 'em on the Pate,
And thus severely would debate :
Why how now, Buff, and what's the clutter ?
What's here to do ? What is't you mutter ?
You'd best be mute, or chuse you, whether
You'll have your Neck and Heels together.
Must you be Vap'ring here, you lounzy
Tatterdemallion ? Cod I'll trounce ye.
And how is it you keep a Coil here ?
What ! are you turning a *Wat Tyler* !
To bring us all upon the Level ?
You had as good bring in the Devil.
Yon know not you were born to stoop.
Pretend to Rule ? Marry come up.
I'm sure you have not done the Task yet,
Can shew that you deserve your Musket.
After this manner Domineering
He kept the Army all from veering.
And now it was they kept a bauling
A second time, to call 'em all in.

* Such

* Such Noise the Ocean, when turn'd Royfter,
 Makes, while it throws up many an Oyfter.
 And when they were in Council sitting,
 Solemn, and Grave, like Quaker's Meeting ;
 Up rises strait a gifted Brother,
 The *Bull* and *Mouth* han't such another :
 His Heathenish Name was call'd *Thersytes*,
 And now I'll tell you who this *Wight* is :
 He's always an eternal Rattle,
 Will never flinch at Verbal Battle.
 He ne'er in Napkin hides his Talent ;
 For ev'n † Kings know't, he is a Gallant.
 And when-so-e'er he once begins,
 Beslaves th' Ungodly for their Sins.
 And screams so loud aided by th' Spirit.
 That three Miles distant you may hear it :
 His clumsy Limbs, and awkward Shape,
 Make him appear a very Ape.
 He had a whisking Hunch his Back on,
 So big, that you may hang your Hat on,
 And when-so-e'er he takes his Text,
 His Nose he turns up Circumflect.
 His Shoulders rounder still and rounder,
 And with a splay Mouth, like a Flounder.

* Ἡχῆ, ὡς ὅτε κύμα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης.
 † ——— εἰζήμεναι βασιλεύσιν.

His * Head aspiring in such State,
 You'd think he wore a high-crown'd Hat.
 † Limp with distorted Joints, and squinting
 He looks Nine ways all in a twinkling.
 * The Hairs of's Beard kept at a distance,
 To trim 'em needed no assistance.
 His Cheeks all shrivell'd are, and thin,
 A very Razor is his Chin.
 Sure Nature made him for a Jest,
 And gave him spite enough t' infest
 The toping Greeks. The sage *Ulysses*
 His Rage and Bauling never misses.
 Against the King his plaguy Satyr
 Ne'er fail'd to find sufficient Matter.
 And thus he roar'd aloud, that they mout
 Hear him to Hell at top of Gamut: †
 Why King, and canst thou be uneasy?
 What, in the Devils Name, will please you?
 Have you not in your Tabernacle
 Choice Whores, of whom you may partake all?
 Nay, there's not one in all our Trenches,
 S' unconscionable for the Wenches.

* ———— αὐτὰρ ὕπερθε
 Φοξὸς ἔλω κεφαλῶν ————
 † Φολκὸς ἔλω, χαλδὸς δ' ἱππεὶν πόδε ————
 * ———— φεδὶ δ' ἐπινύνοδε λαχνη.
 † Ὀξεία κικληγώς ————

His

We

We ne'er take Captive Trojan's Daughter,
 But your Mouth Waters to be at her.
 If any ~~She~~ is found to * straggle,
 You whip her up in your Seragle.
 Fye! 'tis a shame you set a Camp full
 A sinning by your bad Example:
 Who have so carry'd on the Matter,
 They are become as weak as Water.
 So much they now unlike are to Men,
 They are as uselefs as our † Women.
 'Tis time they send their Calves to Grass,
 And live no longer at this pals.
 They soon will want Boots that are fit
 Upon their Cat-stick Legs to set.
 We never shall forget the Distress
Achilles suffer'd for his Mistress;
 Haul'd away by Bum-bailiffs *raptim*;
 Were I as he, I should have slap'd 'em.
Ulysses in a mighty Passion,
 Seeing him blunt in Application,
 Made him give o'er at a short warning,
 Who else had held it out 'till Morning.

* ——— ἵνα μίσγαι ἐν φιλότῃ
 "Ὡν τ' αὐτὸς ἀπὸ νόσφι κατίζει; ———
 † ——— Ἀχαιοί, ἢ ἔτ' Ἀχαιοί.

Thou Jackanapes, said he, thou Monkey,
 The King has reason much to thank ye,
 That with his Vices dar'ft alarm one,
 And maul him in long-winded Sermon.
 Thou scurrilous, and chatt'ring Attick,
 Thou *Oliver*, thou curs'd Fanatick,
 That canst so boldly cant, and whine-o
 'Gainst him, who's King *Jure Divino*,
 And with his lawful Subjects tamper,
 To make 'em from Allegiance scamper.
 Thou Knight of the ill-favour'd Face,
 Open again that Mouth of Brass,
 And may my Head drop off my Shoulder,
 Which quite would spoil me for a Soldier;
 And may *Telemachus*, my darling,
 Tell me, his Mother has been parlying
 With Fops, to feague her who endeavour,
 If, Rogue, I brush not up thy Beavor.
 ‡ I'll strip thee of thy Shirt, I sack,
 And on thy bare Ribs will so thwack,
 A good Cart-whip shall scourge thy Back
 Down *Addle-hill* to *Puddle-dock*, *
 'Till you cry, good *Ulysses*, knock.

3

‡ Εἰ μὴ ἐξῶς σε λαβὼν, ἀπὸ μὲν φίλα ἑμάτα δύσω
 Χλαῖναν τ' ἠδὲ χιτῶνα

* ———— δοῦναι ἐπὶ νῆας ἀφῆσω.

Thou

As

As earnest, strait *Ulysses* hops,
 And gives him a damn'd douse o'th' chops;
 Which made him sob, and bawl, and Whine,
 Like a predestinated Swine.

For Grief between his Teeth he jabber'd,
 And Snot, and Rheum he vilely slabber'd.
 But when he cou'd find no relieving,
 He wip'd his Eyes, and Nose, his Sleeve in.
 It made 'em wonderful good Pastime
 To see *Laertes* Son thus bawd him.
 And thus they spoke their Satisfaction:
 Noble *Ulysses* in this Action
 Has prov'd a worthy Fellow truly
 In drubbing the old Quack so bluely.
 Sure we shall have no more in Pickle
 The scur'lous Dregs of Conventicle,
 No more Lampoons on Monarchy,
 And Flourishes on Anarchy.
 So joak'd the merry Greeks *Proterus*,
 And 'mong the rest there stood *Minerva*,
 Dress'd up so arch, you cou'd not tell, Man,
 But that she was a very * Bell-man;
 Dress'd all in Red, with turn'd up Eyes,
 O yes, O yes, O yes, she cries,

* ————— Ἀδύων
 Βιβλαδὸν Κήρυκε, Σιωπᾶν λαθὺν ἀνώγει.

To introduce cunning *Ulysses*,
 Going to speak, and whose Speech this is:
 Most Noble King, your Subjects strive
 To make you the worst Fool alive.
 For tho' they promised you fair,
 To help you in the toil of War
 At *Argos*, where's good Prog for Horses, †
 Yet now their Promise of no force is:
 Nor think they they're oblig'd to stand to't,
 Altho' Nine Years they've put their Hand to't.
 * They cry like Children, or a Widow,
 To be sent home without much ado.
 But yet, if on the Case we muse,
 They're not so much without excuse.
 For many a one, who in a Lighter
 Is carrying Coals, if it grows Night, e'er
 He can get home, while dreadful Thunder
 Threatens to rend the Bark asunder,
 And, if there chance to come a Wave in,
 And from the Vessel almost lave him,
 In piteous tone you hear him roar,
 Dear Wife, I ne'er shall see thee more.
 What just Excuses then have you here,
 Who've serv'd a Prentiship and Two Year,

† ——— ἀπ' Ἀργεῖ. ἰσχυρότατο

* Ὡς γὰρ οἱ παῖδες νεαροὶ ἤτοι τὰ γυναικίς
 Ἀγγέλοισιν ὁδόν· οἶκόν δ' ἐνέει.

To

C

Work-

Working with formidable Blade,
 Yet are not Masters of your Trade ?
 But yet, my Lads, let's not despair,
 We'll not return, since come thus far.
 How we like Fools shall look, when Nonplust
 We go without our Work accomplish'd.
 Let's longer stay, my bushy strong-locks,
 To see if *Calcas* be i'th' wrong Box.
 You may remember, Sirs, the Omen
 That hap'ned at the Altar to Men,
 And interrupted their Devotion,
 When a fierce Dragon in quick Motion
 Flew up the Tree, as quick as Arrow,
 To seize the Nest of an old Sparrow :
 This fiery Serpent, sadly hissing,
 Gorged down Eight young — for Eight were missing.
 The * old one made the Ninth ; for all that
 The ravenous Beast her Quarters call'd at,
 And in the twinkling of a Broom-stick
 Made no more of her, than a Drum-stick.
 We stood, and trembled at the Monster,
 And none the meaning on't could conster,
 'Till *Chalcas*, being in the middle,
 Got up, and thus explain'd the Riddle :

* — ἀπὸς μήτηρ ἐδάτη ἦν, ἢ τέκνα τέκνα.

“ Since

“ Since Eight the Monster did devour,
 “ With cruel Teeth, and eke one more,
 “ Which then made Nine, so I aver,
 “ That you’ll exactly be Nine Year,
 “ Before you’ll win, by Siege, *Troy Town*,
 “ But on the Tenth you’ll bring it down.
 Thus far the Prophet’s in the right ;
 We have but one Year more, let’s try’t,
 Accurst be he that it deny’t,
 We’ve had Nine Years, let’s have the Tyth.
 When he had spoke the Sentence out,
 They Epilogu’d it with a shout.
 Then stood up *Nestor*, that old Sragger,
 And spoke, as tho’ ’twere for a Wager :
 May I be hang’d, if in my Conscience
 I ever hear’d such cursed Non-sense.
 † You talk like little Boys, or Lasses,
 That know no more of War, than Asses.
 Shall we in th’ Execution fault
 Of that, we swore to at the Altar ?
 And wound our Consciences by Perjury,
 Not to be cur’d by Art of Surgery ?
 We can in no wise find Expedients
 To free us from our sworn Obedience,

† ——— ἢ ὃ πῶσιν ἐκόντες ἀπαρτάμε
 Νηπάρχαις, οἷς ἔτε μέλει πολέμια ἔργα.

ffing.

Since

Until full Ten Years first are ended,
 And then 'tis time to be disbanded.
 Therefore, O King, you may, by'r Lady,
 Venture to Rule a Year, and a Day.
 If there be any not submitting,
 They shall be trounc'd for't, as 'tis fitting.
 I'm sure, *Jove* gave us a good Omen
 In our Way hither on the Common,
 When his bright Lightning kist our Faces:
 Therefore we now will mend our paces,
 And scorn now to be homewards stealing,
 Before we have recovered *Helen*,
 Restored her to her Husband's House,
 * And niggled every Trojan Spouse.
 I hope by *George*, we shall the Luck hold
 For every one to make a Cuckold.
 If any are for homewards sneaking,
 Before that glorious undertaking,
 Let him but shew his Face, and Zoons
 I'll punish him with loss of Stones.
 My King, I give you this advice,
 Which you will follow, if you'r Wife.
 Sort all your Men in several Clusters,
 For easiness to him that Musters.

* Τῷ μὴ τις πρὶν ἐπειγάντω οἶκόν τε νέεσθαι,
 Πρὶν πᾶσα παρ' Τρῳῶν ἀλόχῃ κατακοιμηθῆναι,
 Τίσασθαι δ' ἑλόντης ὀρμήματα τε, συναχάς τε

You'll know, what Captain then, or Cornet,
Will prove a lazy Drone, or Hornet ;
And who's most eager for the Battle,
And whose Teeth in his Mouth do rattle.
You then will know, by the Lord *Harry*,
What is the Cause, if we Miscarry :
Whether for *Jove's* Indisposition
To help, or want of Ammunition.

He having done, the King made Answer ;
I must protest, my noble Grandfir,
So much I like what you relate here,
A Lawyer's Clerk could not prate better.
† I would to *Pallas, Jove, Apollo*,
I had but Ten could hoop and hollow
At this pure rate, I should not doubt
Out of *Troy Town* to roar 'em out.
I'm vext, that *Jove* should intermeddle,
And make me with *Achilles* squabble.
And now, when I think on't demurely,
I much was in the wrong most surely
To take his Wench, but if we ever
Our Horses chance to set together,
We'll not, like Fools, fall out again,
But put the Trojans out of Pain.

† Αἱ ὦ Ζεῦ τε πάτερ, καὶ Ἀθηνᾷ, καὶ Ἀπόλλωνι,
Τοῖσ'τοι δέκα μοι,
Τῷ καὶ τᾷ Χ' ἡμῶσι πόλις Πειράμοιο ἀνακλῖθι.

C 1

We

You

We now will go, and take our Suppers;
 Then Wo betide the Trojan Cruppers.
 Sharpen the Sword, and Battle-ax,
 That we may nicely shave their Backs.
 * You, Gentlemen Dragoons, take care
 To get your Horses Provender.
 And you that in your Chariots Murder,
 See to't, that all things be in order;
 That we all Day our Swords may use,
 And nothing, but the Night, cause Truce.
 † We, and our Horses, largely Sweating,
 Shall shew the Rage we use in beating.
 Let me but see the Man, who's wishing
 To be in the Encounter missing,
 And I will cause his Pluck, and Lights,
 To be a Feast for Dogs and Kites.

Thus ending, they huzza'd the King,
 And made the ecchoing Shore to ring.
 Just so the North Wind 'gainst a Rock,
 Dashes the Waves with horrid shock.
 They scatt'ring, each repairs to's Skiff,
 And there some Eat, some Drink, some Whiff: *

* Εὖ δὲ τις ἵπποισιν δαΐπνον δότω ὠκυπόδεσιν.

† Ἰδρώσει μὲν τευ τελαμῶν ἀμφὶ σῆθεσιν
 Ἰδρώσει δὲ μὲν ἵπποισιν εὖξοον ἄρμα πταίων.

* Καπνιστὴν τε καὶ χλυσίαν —

So merrily they quaff'd, no wonder,
If many an honest Cock knock'd under.
There you might see one saying Grace
Over his Dish, and Hat o'er Face,
Begging *Jove* with him would compound,
Bring him from Battle safe and sound.

The King himself (as I am told)
† Gave a fat Heifer, Five Years old,
To *Jupiter*; 'twas sweet, as Pork.
He and his Knights strait fall to Work:
Old *Nestor*, and *Idomeneüs*,
And eke the Son of Runt *Tydeüs*,
Stout *Ajax*, and his stouter Brother,
And fly *Ulysses* made another.

Then there were Seven, but yet because
There might be Eighth, came *Menelaus*.
* They all sat round the Rump of Beef,
And *Agamemnon*, being chief,
Did consecrate (as he was able)
The Meat, and Knights of the round Table:

" O! *Jove*, that makest Tempests fly,
" And liv'st above Ten Story high,

† Αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆν ἱέρδον ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
Πίονα πεντάετηρον ———

* βῆν δὲ πρὸς ἑσθλόν ———

“ † Let not *Apollo* dout his Flambeau,
 “ Before I give *Hector* a damn'd blow,
 “ And cut in two his Coat of Mail,
 “ And make him, and his Friends, turn tail.
 “ Then let us enter *Priam's* Palace,
 “ And fend him, and his Sons, to th' Gallows.
 But *Jove* at this confounded Pray'r,
 Turned the deaf side of his Ear.

Now they fall to it in a Passion,
 And cut, and mangle it, and hash on,
 And tear the Flesh on't, enough to make
 One spew; it would so turn ones Stomach.
 So have I seen in private Acad—
 — Fmy the Sophs to slash, and hack it.
 And when the Noise was o'er, I'll pledge ye,
 Up *Nestor* gravely stands so sage he:
 Then to the King in Warlike tone;
 Now we have finish'd, let's be gone,
 And meet the Enemy in Battle.
 But first let Drums and Trumpets rattle,
 To put us all in such a plight,
 We may be even mad to fight.
 Then you might hear a warlike din,
 That made 'em all come rumbling in:
 And staring *Pallas* 'mong the rest,
 Who had a Buckler of the best,

† Μὴ πείν ἐπ' ἡέλιον δούαι —

With

With Brass Studs decking it all round,
I warrant ye, it cost Five Pound.

With this she shoves 'em on to Battle,
Like so many stout Herd of Cattle:

* And gives 'em such an itch of fighting,
That they wou'd now take more delight in
Bubbling the Trojans of their Lives,
Then they would take to k — their Wives.

Now in bright Armour they move on,
† So bright that it put out the Sun :
Their Number equal to the Sands,
* Outvying Flocks of Geese, or Swans.
You never saw inside, and outward,
So many *Pismires* in a Cow-turd.

Atrides heard of all this rout,
With deadly courage fac'd about.
Just so a Bull with swinging Horns
Sticks Arse in Hedge, and Danger scorns.

But now, ye Rampant Muses, now
I would proceed, but know not how,
To tell the Name of ev'ry Prince,
That stood before Troy Town long since.

* ——— εν τῷ δὲ τῷ ὄρωσιν ἐχθροὺς
καρδίῃ ἀλλήλων πολεμίζουσιν, ἡδὲ μάχεσθαι.
† Αἴγλη παμφανόουσα δι' αἰθέρος ἕβανον ἵκει.
————— ἴδυσθε πολλὰ
Χλωῶν, ἢ Κύνων ———

C 5

Had

With

Had I Brass Mouth, Ten Clappers in't,
 A Voice of Thunder, Heart of Flint,
 I could not tell ye in parade,
 Their damn'd hard Names, without your Aid.

* * * * *

Hiatus in Manuscripto terq; quaterq; defendus.



The



The Third Book of *HOMER*.

The Argument.

*Young Alexander, that Jackstraw,
Does boldly challenge Menelau.
He'd pay'd too dear for the Bravado,
And lost his Life without more ado;
Had not kind Venus in a mist
Convey'd the Hero, where she list.
And where d'ye think she him convey'd?
But into a most stately Bed:
Where he perform'd (as I'll relate here)
A Duel of another Nature.*

NOW



OW all are for the Fight accouter'd,
Well fortify'd inside, and outward.
With shocking Sound, and horrid Noise,
Come thundring on the Trojan Boys.

With such a Noise (as Stories tell us)

* The Cranes surround those little Fellows,
Call'd Pigmies, worsting 'em in Fight :
Presto, be gone, they'r out of sight.

The Greeks with silence all proceed,
Prepar'd to do the bloody Deed.

In treading such a dust they made,
They might be said to walk in Shade :

† Such darkness does a mist procure,
Which an old Shepherd can't endure,
Tho' it might please a thieving Spark,
Taking Advantage, when 'twas Dark.

They now were almost come so close,
To tread upon each others Toes ;
Where you might see, as a Commander,
O'th' Trojans side, Runt *Alexander* :
Over his Shoulders he was clad
With a strong Leopardine Plad.

* *Ἡύτε ποτὲ κλαγγὴν μεγάλων πέλει ἐξαπόδι πρὸς.
Ἀνδράσι Πυρμαίοισι φόρον, καὶ κῆρα φέρεται.

† ————— κατέχδεν Ὀμίχλῳ
Ποιμέσιν ἐπὶ φίλῳ, κλέπη δὲ τε νυκτὸς ἀμείνω.

Two Spears he brandish'd with his Fists,
 And dar'd the Greeks t' enter the Lists.
 He vap'ring thus, and domineering,
 Set *Menelaus* King a sneering;
 Who brought his Troop up in Battali,
 Ready to fall on, or to rally.
 As a fierce Lyon, when sharp set,
 Turns himself round to spy his Meat,
 Is glad to entertain his Eyes
 With Stags, or Goats, or some such Prize,
 Does easily his Stomach find,
 Tho' Dogs and Hunters are behind:
 So *Menelaus* pleas'd was
 To see the Stripling vaunt, because
 H' an Opportunity had got
 To drub him well for—— he knew what:
 He quickly springs from his Gallash
 To fall upon the Pimp flap-dash.
 Which the trim Dastard being aware of,
 (I promise you) began to Sheer off:
 And was in a most heavy taking,
 Lest so he should not save his Bacon.
 So when a Man a Serpent spies,
 He strait discovers his Surprise:
 His Cheeks turn pale, and (well-a-day!)
 He's e'en prepar'd to swoond away.
 His Knees knock one against another,
 And much ado have to get further.

Hector,

Hector, perceiving him turn tail,
 In this rough manner 'gan to rail:
 Thou smock fac'd, tim'rous, bastard, Knight,
 || I would thou ne'er hadst seen the Light:
 Or long, hadst dy'd before thy Marriage,
 Rather than by this shameful carriage
 Bring Ignominy and Disgrace
 Upon your self, and all your Race.
 How will the Græcians banter this,
 And play upon your boyish Phiz?
 So Feminine, unfit for Battle,
 They'll Christen you a Squib, a Rattle;
 In that you stole a *Bona Roba*,
 And durst not justify it to day!
 Do you not know, whose Wife you have?
 The Wife of one resolv'd and brave.
 That Face of yours, tho' patch'd, and painted,
 Will stink, when with the Dust acquainted.
 Thou Newgate-Bird! — (Pox take this couplet)
 † Mayst thou for ever wear Stone-doublet.
 Then strait replied *Sawney* the little:
 Why do you dress me up in Pickle?
 And flave, and jeer me at this rate?
 I had as live you broke my Pate.

|| Αἴθ' ὄφελές τ' ἀγρονόος τ' εἶναι, ἀγαμύος τ' ἀπόλεσθαι.
 † Δαίνον ἔσο χιτῶνα κακῶν ἐνεκ' ὄσσοι ἐορzas.

Tho'

Tho' you've a Heart—— the Dev'l can't match it—

¶ As tough, and stout, as any Hatchet,

That will make way, and boldly enter,

Guided by brawny Ship-Carpenter ;

How dare you jeer my comely Feature,

Which manifests the God's good Nature ?

You term my Glory, my Disgrace :

Much good may do you, with hatch'd Face :

Keep in your Breath to cool your Porridge ;

You shall not say, that I want Courage.

Make but a spacious Ring about,

And he, and I, will box it out,

Let him that has the greater force,

Take *Nell* for better, or for worse.

And to whose Lot shall fall fair *Helen*,

Let him in Peace repair to's Dwelling.

These Words of his pleas'd *Hector*, more

Than any thing he spoke before ;

Who with his Spear stood in the middle,

And did the Trojan's Courage bridle.

But the unthinking Græcian Hive

Pelted his Pate with Stones full drive :

When *Agamemnon* in the Nick

Cry'd out, hold, hold, pray, not so quick.

¶ Αἰεὶ τοὶ κρηδὶν πίλεως ὧς, ὅστιν ἀτρεΐης,

Contain

Contain your selves, for I conjecture,
That something would be said by *Hector*.

They thereupon their Rage gave o'er,
And *Hector* loudly thus did roar:
Hark ye, my bonny Lads, what say ye,
Ye Men of *Troy*, and of *Achaia*,
If I for once, like a Physician,
Prognosticate our Wars Decision?
And thus it is; my Brother *Paris*,
Whose Skin is white, and red his Hair is,
Dares *Menelaus* to the Combat,
To do his best when e'er the Drum beat:
And he, that has the greatest Luck here,
May take fair *Nelly*, and go f—k her.
Then all of us, both Greeks, and Trojans,
May go in Peace to their own Lodgings.

Here *Hector* stop'd, and made a pause,
And up stood Gaffer *Menelaus*:
Hear me, ye mighty Men of Blade,
I hug the Challenge that is made.
Since such great Numbers for your sake
Do here their Lives, and Fortunes stake,
'Tis just, that each should spare his Neighbour,
And we each others sides belabour.
Bring me Two Lambs, one Black, one White,
To *Terra*, and the God of Light,
Let one of 'em a Victim prove;
While we the other give to *Jove*.

Let

Let *Priam* a Spectator be,
To hinder ought of Perjury.
For he himself will prove no Dastard,
† Altho' his Son's a lying Bastard.
He may prevent our future odds,
Nor suffer us to chouse the Gods.

It pleas'd the Soldiers to a Hair
To think they should give over War.
They strip themselves with speed all round,
And throw their Weapons on the Ground.
Hector Two Trumpeters strait sent
Unto *Troy* Town, with the Intent
To bring King *Priam*, and the Victim:
To hasten their Return, he kick'd 'em.
But *Agamemnon* sent *Talthyby*
To fetch the Lambs; who went Tantivy.
While thus in hast they both ways buckled,
‖ *Iris* to *Helen* came white-knuckled.
Laodice's fine shape, and size,
She took to humour her disguise.
It hap't, she *Helen* found within dore,
Weaving Bone-lace, and near the Windore,
And much of Fancy, and of Riddle,
She had accomplish'd by her Needle.

† — ἐπεὶ οἱ πῦδες ὑποφύλατοι, καὶ ἄπσοι.

‖ — ἑλὲν ἁδωκωλένω. —

But her most celebrated Piece
Was — the long Wars of *Troy* and *Greece*;
Which she had humour'd to a Wonder,
And necessary Hints writ under;
Lest one should miss in the Conjecture,
'Twas under written, This is *Hector*,
This is *Ulysses*, and This Beast
Thersytes, so of all the rest.

Thus *Iris* spoke ; Fair Nymph, look out,
See what the Armies are about,
How they fling down their Pikes, and Spears,
Nor lug each other by the Ears.
But leave that Point to their Commanders,
To *Menelaus*, and *Alexandrus*,
Who are to Combat for the Prize
Of your resistless conq'ring Eyes.

This Speech brought into *Helen's* Mind
Things she in *Greece* had left behind.
Now she her Husband long'd to view,
Her Parents, and her Country too.
The Tears came trickling from her Eyes;
While she to a Balcony flies,
Follow'd b' a brace of tall and slender
Young Chambermaids, that did attend her ;
To whom came afterwards King *Priam*,
With some grave Nobles, that did eye 'em :
Old Peers, grown uselefs now for fighting,
But still in female Wars delighting.

They

They by their Whiskers had been smelling
Out the fair Beauty of Queen *Helen* ;
And could not for their Blood forbear
To talk in Raptures of the Fair :

Cheap are the sultry toils of War,
And honourable ev'ry Scar,
By Soldier got in the defence
Of such a dazzling Excellence:
But yet, if we consult our ease,
We ought to send her back to *Greece*.

While they on this Harrangue were dwelling,
Old *Priam* thus addressess *Helen* :
Come here, my Mackareon, my Hony,
And take a view of your old Crony,
View all your Friends, and see your Cousins,
Who are together by whole dozens.
Tell me, my Girl, who's that large Fellow,
That struts along, whose Sash is yellow ?
So tall he is above the rest,
They scarce can come up to his Breast.
I warrant you, a stout old Cuff,
As ever travell'd under Buff.

To whom thus *Helen* gave an Answer ;
Would I had dy'd, my noble Grandfir,
When *Paris* took me, as his Prey,
O'er Hills, and Seas, and far away ;
Leaving behind my dearest Friends,
Who almost are at their Wits ends ;

And

And my poor little Girl (alas!)
 Wants her Mamma. — But let that pass —
 Now to your Question, Sir; you'd know,
 If I can tell, who's that long Beau,
 That is so eminently tall?
 Why him they *Agamemnon* call.
 Odso, quoth *Priam*, then 'tis he,
 A cleaver Dog, as one shall see.
 Among the Phrygians I have been,
 And not a tighter Fellow seen.
 I'm sure no Amazon Virago,
 Whose Looks would put one in an Ague,
 Could ever cope this Man of Strength,
 But would lie prostrate at his Length.
 Riddle-my-ree, my Girl, what's that
 Round-shoulder'd thing in the slouch'd Hat,
 That comically down and up
 † For all the World goes, like a Top?
 Sir, tho' unpromising his Visage,
 He is the wisest Man of his Age,
 I'm sure, there not a Child in *Greece* is,
 But knows the Cunning of *Ulysses*;
 He is as good a Politician,
 Believe me, Sir, as one need wish one.

† Ἀρνεῖ μιν ἔγωγε εἶσχω πηγετιμᾶλλον.

Ay,

Ay, quoth *Antenor*, you say right,
 I knew him well by the first sight ;
 For he it was and *Menelaus*,
 That lodged for sometime at my House;
 When they on Embassy were come
 On your account, I gave 'em room.
 'Twas then I clearly understood
 Their Soul and Bodies Magnitude.
 The Cuckold had a broader Shoulder,
 But then *Ulysses* look'd the older.
 The first indeed was no great prater,
 But when he spoke, spoke to the Matter.
Ulysses, when he would give Proof
 Of Eloquence, look'd four, and gruff,
 With down cast Eyes he view'd the Ground,
 As if to speak what there he found :
 But then soft melting Words would flow
 From his smooth Tongue, like flakes of Snow.

Tell me, what brawny Fellow's he,
 Says *Priamus*, whom there I see,
 The Græcian's Man of mickle Might ?
 Quoth *Helen*, he is *Ajax* hight.
 And he behind him (if you see't)
 Is *Idomeneus*, King of *Crete*.
 And there are very many more,
 Whom once I knew in days of Yore.
 But by my Spouse his swinging B — ks,
 I see not here *Castor* and *Pollux*,

My

My own dear Brothers, whom one Mother
 Litter'd at one time or another.
 Perhaps they're now at *Lacedamon*,
 And durst not venture to be Seamen;
 Or if they're come, they're in the Lighters,
 And care not to be active Fighters.
 But she wist not, that *Alma Tellus*
 Detain'd at home these lazy Fellows.

The Cryers brought the Sacrifice,
 And made things ready in a trice.
 But first King *Priam* must be call'd,
 And one of 'em thus loudly baul'd:
 Arise, O King, and come down hither,
 Where we are all of us together.
 For there's no plighting Faith, and Troth,
 Unless you come, and take your Oath.
 Then *Priam* called for his Chariot,
 And gave them Orders where to carr'it.
 He soon was brought unto the Ring,
 And there saluted by the King,
 By *Menelaus* and *Ulysses*,
 With bended Knees, whose Hands he kisses.

These Ceremony-mongers now
 Began to usher in the Vow :

¶ They

|| They pour out Wine into the Platter,
And on the King they sprinkle Water.
Atrides a huge Knife lugg'd out,
Which was Three Inches full about ;
And always stuck in Hole of Button.
He cut some Hairs from off the Murton.
And each of all the Rulers there
Had one of 'em for his own Share.
And then he with uplifted Eyes
Pray'd with loud Voice, and on this wise :

O *Jupiter!* whose special Care
In *Ida's* seen, hear thou my Pray'r.
O *Phæbus*, Rivers, Earth, and all,
That punish Falshood, you I call,
As Witnesses to what I say ;
If *Paris Menelaus* slay,
Let him keep *Nell* ; in doleful dumps
While we trudge home upon our Stumps.
But if by *Menelaus* might
Paris be worsted in the Fight,
Then shall the Trojans quick restore
The Wench, and put her in our Pow'r.
Beside they shall a forfeit pay
For kidnapping the Lads away.

|| ————— κρηττει χυ οϊνον
Μίσρον· ἀτὰρ βασιλεύσιν ὕδωρ ἐπὶ χεῖρας ἔχοντες.

If

If *Paris* perish in the Field,
 And *Priam* should refuse to yield
 The Fine aforesaid, I will fight,
 'Till I by force of Arms come by't.

These Words he had no sooner spoke,
 But with a mighty Butchers stroak
 He cleft the Lamb's Two Jaws in twain,
 Who (poor things!) trembled on the Plain;
 When they cou'd take in no more Breath,
 They yielded to the stroak of Death.
 Some Zealot in the midst o'th' Croud
 Utter'd this hearty Curse aloud:

" O *Jupiter*, and all the rest,
 " That punish Lying in the best,
 " Who e'er proves guilty of this Sin,
 " † May's Brains run out, as does this Wine,
 " ‡ And may his Wife become so Whorish,
 " To be the Drainer of the Parish.

Now *Priam* rose up to be gone;
 Says he, I cannot see my Son,
 My darling Son, so hard put to't,
 As he may be in this Dispute.
 But *Jove* foresees best, who will have
 The Victory, and who the Grave.

† ὦ Νέσφ' ἐγκράλῳ χαμάδις ῥέοι, ὡς ὅτε οἶνῳ,
 ‡ ——— ἀλοχοί δ' ἄλλοισι μυγεῖν

His

His foolish fond Concern, and Pity,
Carry'd the old Sire to the City.

Ulysses now, and *Hector* stout,
The Limits of the Fight chalk'd out;
And then they hustled in a Cap,
To know which should give the first slap:
And one of 'em, I know not which,
Talk'd to great *Jove*, and us'd this Speech:

O *Jove*! that know'st the Heart of Sinner,
May of these Champions he prove winner,
Who an't accountable thy fight in,
For all these bloody Wars and Fighting.
But may the other fall, and die,
And to the Devil go, say I.

To *Paris* fell the lucky cast,
Who now to arm himself makes hast:
* He fastens on his Boots with Pins,
On purpose to secure his Shins:
His Breast-plate on he after stuck;
'Twas Wisdom to secure his Pluck:
His Stick-frog next hung at his Breech,
And then to shew his wild Caprich,

* Κνημίδας μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κνήμην ἐθηκε,
καλῶς, ἀργυρείῳσι ὀπισθοεῖσι ἀσπίδας.

D

† A

† A Horses tail on Helmet top
 He stuck, which look'd like any Mop:
 And in this Bedlamitish figure
 Strutted about to shew his Vigor.
 And *Menelaus* on the contrary
 In warlike Garb did not much vary.

Ready for Fight, they both look gruff;
 And now they give 'em room enough.
Paris puts on a woeful Phiz,
 And from his Hand his Lance goes whiz,
 And does with wondrous hast alight
 Upon the Shield of's Opposite,
 Which does no harm, but only rase
 A little th' outside of the Brass.

And now it was high time (I trow)
 For t'other Knight to throw his throw.
 Yet e'er he spent his Ammunition,
 He dunn'd poor *Jove* with this Petition:

“ O *Jove*, my good Design succeed,
 “ To make this Leach'rous Monster bleed,
 “ That other Folk the Crime may fly
 “ Of breach of Hospitality.

Thus having eas'd his Mind by Pray'r,
 His Lance he poizes in the Air,

† Κεφῆ δ' ἐπ' ἰφθίμῳ κωκῶν εὐτυκλον ἔθηκεν.

And

And with great force he flung at venture ;
 (O sad ! O sad !) he made it enter
 Through *Paris* Shield, Coat, Waistcoat, Shirt ;
 But by kind Fate it did no hurt :
 But stop'd at a huge-Body'd Louse,
 Else it had spoil'd him for a Spouse.
 The Greek, observing his good luck,
 Came towards him with his drawn tuck,
 And on the outside of his Head
 A weighty Load of Strokes he laid.
 But oh ! the sad and foul mishap !
 Pox take the Blade ! in two it snap'd :
 Which made him curse, like unto *Hugh Peter*,
 While thus he storms and frets at *Jupiter* :

“ See here, you plaguy God of *Ida*,
 “ This is a pretty Fancy : hoi day !
 “ My lousy Blade flies into flitters,
 “ When I should cut this Dog to twitters.

Then, flying furiously at *Paris*,
 He flung him flat upon his bare Arse ;
 Made poor *Pilgarlick* cry, and roar,
 Then dragg'd him all along the Floor.
 He still pull'd on with many a jerk,
 Which certainly had done his Work,
 Because the lowest end of's Helmet
 (As for his Head, it overwhelm'd it)
 Was fastned some how 'bout his Neck,
 When pull'd, it put him to the squeak.

For sure the Greek had split his Weazon,
 Had not kind *Venus* come in Season,
 And cut the curfed Thong in two;
 The Helmet without more ado
 Came off his Pare, the straps top following,
 Which set the Græcians all a hallowing.
 And now he aim'd the fatal stroak,
 But *Venus* in a Cloud of Smoak
 Convey'd poor *Paris* out of reach
 Of *Menelaus* utimost stretch,
 And laid him in a Bed of ease,
 Well fraught with store of Lice and Fleas.
 Then look'd for *Nelly*; in a Garret
 She found her f-gg-g with a Carrot;
 With many a Finger-f-k-g Neighbour,
 All groping, just as at a Labour.
 Then turns her Laship (God a mercy)
 Into a Spinster of old *Fersey*,
 An antiquated Baud, for such a one
Helen well knew, and doated much on:

She from her Gums spoke on this wife:
 Your Husband you expecting lies,
 Extended on his Bed of State,
 He longs to kifs you,-and all that.
 So Charming looks the am'rous Prig,
 My old Chops water for a Jig.

Helen did at these Words take snuff;
 And that she might do well enough;

And

And star'd the Beldam through and through,
And then, the Goddeſs 'twas ſhe knew
By her fine Alabaſter Neck,
Too good for an old Bawd ; I feck.
She then, (or the Hiſtorian lies)
Confess'd in theſe Words her ſurpriſe :

Why how now, Goddeſs, Queen of Love,
What baudy Fancy now does move
Thy Brain with wicked Thoughts replete ?
Doſt think I'm for a Coward Meat ?
Now he is worſted in the Fight,
And I'm become another's Right ?
I know your drift, it ſhan't take place,
To ſend me homeward with diſgrace.
And would you make him ſo uncivil ?
Are you a Goddeſs ? You a Devil !
* Prithee, no more return to Heaven,
But e'en below your Bargains drive on:
Woo him your ſelf, plead your own Suit,
So long, until you put him to't
To take you for better, for worſe,
For Whore, or Wife, the greater Curſe.
I will not ſtir: It ſhan't be ſaid,
See there her Print upon the Bed.

* ————— θεῶν δ' ὑπὸ πτερεσσιν ἀνέβη,
Μηδ' ἐπὶ σοῖσι πόδεσσιν ὑπερέβηται ὀλυμπον.

The Trojans then with sound of Trumpet
Might well proclaim me for a Strumpet.

Venus, tho' vex'd unto the Heart,
Yet mildly did these Words impart :

Provoke me not, you know not yet
Th' ill Consequences of my hate ;
With ease I'd make, us'd I my might,
Both Greeks and Trojans hate thy sight.
You'd best comply, and cease to jeer.

Those Words made *Helen* quake for fear:
‡ Who then flung on her her white Hood,
And softly went, where *Venus* wou'd.

Now they were come to *Paris* Door,
And *Venus* caper'd in before,
Clap'd her self down before the Fire,
And *Helen* in a Chair sat by her ;
Who could her anger not pass over,
For thus she fell upon her Lover :

It seems you then have scap'd this bout,
Thanks to the She, that help'd you out.
Have I not often heard your Brags,
You'd *Menelaus* beat to Rags?
Now challenge him, if you think fit,
But now (I trust) you have more Wit,

‡ Βῆ δὲ χαταχρυσήν ἐαυτῇ, ἀργῆν, φαεινῇ.

My Female Spight ev'n yet not such is,
To wish you once agen in's Clutches.

Prithee, says *Paris*, now have done,

Who can re-call the setting Sun?

Tho' *Menelaus* a Conquest made,

'Tis known, 'twas by *Minerva's* aid.

Nor do I doubt to pay again

The Foil, that I did late sustain.

Some time I'll drub the Victor's hide,

We've Gods and Godlings on our side.

But hush, my Queen, now let us prove

The most transporting Joys of Love.

* I ne'er before felt such a fwinging

Ardor, as now enflames my Engine.

Nay, to a more enormous pitch

Is carry'd now my am'rous Itch,

Than when I rifled first your Stote.

Faith I must buss you — and do more:

These Words were powerful to move:

The tender Fair no longer strove,

But gladly yielded to the doing

Of what's the end of all Men's Wooing.

The pimping Goddes kept the Door,

While *Paris Nelly's* Charms ran o'er.

* Οὐ γὰρ πώποτε μ' ὦδε ἔρωσ φρένας ἀμφοτέρωθεν,
'Ως σὺ νῦν ἔρχομαι, καὶ με γλυκὺς ἦμαρ αἰρεῖ.

When

When *Menelaus* mist the Champion,
 He bit his Thumbs, the Ground he stamp'd on,
 And much he wonder'd, where the dicken
 The cowardly young Dog was sneaking.
 He ranfack'd ev'ry Soldiers Budget,
 Where he might be, as he did judge it;
 But yet could get no tale or tyding,
 Where the young Whipster was abiding.
 His Legs quite tir'd with searching long,
 King *Agamemnon* thus spoke strong:

Hear me, ye Trojans great and small,
 The Conquest to our Lot does fall.
 For *Menelaus* in the Combat,
 Ye see, has *Alexander* home beat.
 Therefore fair *Nelly* quick restore,
 And we will trouble you no more.

The Greeks knew he was in the right,
 And swore, the Trojans should stand by't.

Cetera desiderantur.



P I N I S.

